

The Pocahontas Times.

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THE NEW POSTAL CLERK

BY THE CUB HIMSELF

Ah, little yellow cur! You have just been kicked brutally into the dust by a big, sneering, scowling man. You crouch and cringe and grovel in the dirt. You sink away, head down, tail drooping. Perhaps in your dumb away, you think you have tasted the bitterest humiliation, experienced to the last degree the feeling of inferiority. Ah, little yellow cur, you know it! You have never been a new postal clerk.

Perhaps in your dim past there lies all unrevealed a brighter day, when you with other pups, romped and played on a standing equality with the world. So with the new postal clerk. There was a day—of small importance now—a day when he could look his fellows in the face, could square his shoulders with uplifted head. Even, perhaps the light of animation once glowed within his eye, the spring of energy resounded in his step—but never mind that now.

A day may bring vast changes. So with the new postal clerk. He enters the great edifice whose portals spell his doom—enters perhaps with a smile of confidence upon his countenance; enters to dismal disillusion, to dark despair.

He meets his tyrants. Superior and sufficient to themselves are they. Theirs is a position attained only after long experience. From their condescending heights, they look down upon the newcomer at times with pity and contempt—oft with an anger undisguised—and ever and always with a continuous flow of contradictory commands. In their own sight these rulers are impeccable; in the eyes of the new clerk they are implacable, but, alas! with their language they are not impetuous. They are the old clerks.

The weary hours drag by. The new clerk lives, but how altered his being! The lustre has faded from his eye, the swing has vanished from his step, his shoulders droop, his flesh departs—in pounds he thinks his reason totters. He is filled with fear.

His tyrants bid him wait upon the window. Trembling, he stands and waits for customers. He sees a lady approaching. Oh, how he prays that she may want a two cent stamp! His pleading eyes look into hers. Surely his brain will transmit the message to her. She cannot resist the plea. She will order a two cent stamp, and how easy that is to find. Ye gods, she wants a package insured. He is too weak to weigh the package, he knows no more of zones than of the Arctic Circle. A voice behind him thunders: "Get out of the way, you blithering idiot! why, you dumb fool, don't you know enough to weigh a package? Fifteen pounds, madam." A great light breaks. His reason returns. Fifteen pounds, of course! "Why, that's the amount of flesh I lost by this transaction."

And then he is roused from his lethargy by a series of orders, all given at once by different clerks. Bring me a string! Bring me the scissors! Where are they? Oh, back there some where! Bring me some facing slips. What are facing slips? Bring me some facing slips! Go to the bank and get this check cashed. Go, find out how the train's running. With perspiration streaming from his face, the new clerk bustles about, trying to fill all the orders at once. The clerks at the back of the room order him to

the front. Those at the front bid him get out of the way. He tries the middle and barely escapes being mashed to death.

Now he is ordered to put a letter addressed to J. A. Breckenridge in the right box. For hours he searches with a stoking fear at his heart. He reads all the names on the three hundred and fifty boxes. He goes over them again in a different order. Then an old clerk snatches the fiendish letter from his hand and places it triumphantly in a box labeled, "S. A. Brown and Company." The new clerk remarks timidly, "I don't see the connection."

Once, during the first day the new clerk is found weeping. Real sobs shake his emaciated frame; great tears stream down upon his withered and sunken cheek, tears that fall upon and blot the money order register he has so neatly written. If you inquire he will tell you that he is weeping tears of gratitude. One of the old clerks, his dear, kind friend—Ah! surely there is not another in the world like this gentle, kindly clerk—Heaven will reward him for his magnanimity! You wonder what this marvel of humanity has done to deserve such touching respect. Then the poor clerk from the depths of his poor, confused brain, will sob out, "Oh, this heaven sent being rebuked me so gently. He told me I didn't know much. Ah! such a tender phrase was that! To think all day I have been called a numskull, a blundering dummy—all degrading names—now this noble creation tells me I don't know much! Ah! I would like to kiss the hem of his garment! If I live (ah! that is doubtful!) if I live I will repay him!"

The new postal clerk is the politest creature on earth. He gives you your mail with his heart in his eyes he is so grateful that you have asked for nothing worse. He sells you a stamp, wets it with his tears of gratitude, and places it upon your letter. If you have no mail he breaks it to you gently that the shock may not be too great. If you ask for change for a five dollar bill, his delight is so great he almost embraces you. In great haste he hands you four one dollar bills and a five dollar bill. His head is up now and his eyes look into yours. He can face the world—yea and the clerks—for he has—With a start he recognizes his mistake, gives a shrinking glance backward, seizes the five dollar bill with a death clutch, fumbles for the correct amount, and slinks back into his old fawning attitude.

Whether a new clerk is recognizable by his family at end of his first day depends solely upon his constitution. If his past life has been such as to build up a body strong as iron he may return with some slight resemblance to his former self. Of course, if he is a weakling, the strain will have killed him and the old clerks will have wrapped his remains in a mail bag and placed them (not too tenderly) in the waste basket with other rubbish. If he is not too weak, however, he will seek a secluded spot away from the post office to die as he will have no desire for old clerks for pall bearers or a grave amidst such killing associations.

The cares of the long day done night will bring to the new postal clerk of the once healthy constitution nightmares the like of which he never dreamed before. He will see armies of postage stamps. He will be powerless to move. They will develop a fondness for him and stick to him with the tenacity of warm friends.

Peers to me like it is nature To take sars and not get tired. Who'd expect to see a tater All on end at bein' bled?

AGRICULTURAL NEWS NOTES

POCAHONTAS COUNTY AGRICULTURAL IMPROVEMENT ASSOCIATION.

Co-operating with the U. S. Department of Agriculture and the State Extension Department.—By Burt Johnson, County Agent.

Farmer's Institutes, August 13, 14, 15 and 16
Auto Tour, September 4 and 5
County Exhibit, Oct. 18, 19 and 20

LEVELS DITRICH CLUB NOTES

There are sixty-one members enrolled in the various clubs being distributed as follows: first year poultry club, twenty-six; second year poultry, eight; pig club thirteen; potato club eleven; corn club, four. This is a large increase over last year's enrollment which was 31.

The club members in the district are responding well to the call for increased production. Ruth Curry is producing chicken at ten cents per pound. Bessie Boggs is producing for thirteen, and Madge Arbogast for fourteen and a half. These girls know the value of a pound of chicken. Last week the Hillsboro club held a peanut social for the purpose of raising some prize money. It was the first social of the kind ever held here. There were about thirty present and for the most part the event was enjoyed. The proceeds amounted to \$2.50. The boys and girls made a fair beginning. I trust that they will undertake it again.

Last Saturday a club was organized on Stamping Creek. It is called the Blue Lick Club and has a membership of eight. This is the third organized club in the district. I think it will be the means of strengthening the club work in that section.

Club members should work on their booklets now and keep them to date. The monthly reports should be sent in regularly. H. M. H.

The weather report for the month of July by local observer S. L. Brown gives a rainfall of 7.22 inches for the month. The heaviest fall was 1.76 inches on the 11th. There were three clear days, 14 partly cloudy and 14 cloudy. Thunder storms on the 12, 14, 16, 17, 18, 21, 23, 24, 25. The hottest was 86 degrees on the 31st and the coolest was 44 degrees on the 5th. The greatest daily range in temperature was 36 degrees on the 5th, from 44 degrees to 80.

Married, at the Methodist Parsonage July 26, 1917, by Rev. W. D. Keene, Bernard Garrett and Miss Bessie Annie Duffy.

He will feel very warm indeed. The whole night through he will see himself covered with postage stamps. Towards morning a second horror will complete the first. He will dream that the old clerk marked him postage due, insured him at the value one cent, placed him in a mail bag and sent him away. Then he will dream that he died and was sent to the dead letter office. If he is particularly afflicted, the worst horror will come to him. He will dream that one of the old clerks stood without the dead letter office and called for him. Then, with all the misery of his sleeping soul he will know that he went to the wrong place after his death.

You have seen the new postal clerk. He is in every town. He is the same the world over with his dejected, meek and self-deprecatory air. You wonder that he lives at all. The explanation is found in his philosophy. I will give you the philosophy as set forth in four lines by the poet Lowell and which I am sure the new postal clerk repeats every night before passing to his bed of pain. These are the lines:

Peers to me like it is nature To take sars and not get tired. Who'd expect to see a tater All on end at bein' bled?

GERMAN SUSPECT IN JAIL

A man giving the name of Morgan L. Howser (or Hauser) was arrested by Sheriff G. E. Bare last Monday morning near Willow Bend, says the Watchman. Mr. R. L. Shires of Zenith, says that Howser tried to sell him court plaster, and others found the man's behavior so peculiar that they grew uneasy and asked for his arrest. The sheriff could find no court plaster on the person of his prisoner, but he did find a number of new watches, combs, collar buttons, needles, and knives which Hauser was selling from house to house. If he had court plaster (just now under the ban of the government because many specimens have been found infected with the germs of tetanus), he was smart enough to destroy or hide it ere the officer made his search. Howser had a hearing before Justice J. T. Miller at Union, who fined him \$20 and sentenced him to jail for ten days for peddling without a license. The prisoner, questioned closely by Prosecuting Attorney LaFon, said he was from Pocahontas county and had been at Durbin for some time, and also at Beckley Raleigh county, but could not or would not name a single person who knew him in either county. He declined to say where he was born. Howser talks with a German brogue and has plenty of shrewdness. His money he carried in his shoes. The man refused to pay his fine.

WALTER ALLEN DEAD

Captain Walter Allen died at the home of his son Geo. W. Allen, Saturday morning, August 4, 1917, aged about 86 years. For a number of years he had been suffering from heart trouble. On Sunday he was buried on his home place on Cloverlick Mountain.

During the war Captain Allen was a captain of scouts under the state government and saw much service in this particular section.

His wife was a Miss Duffield, and she has been dead a number of years. Seven children survive their parents—George, Ellis and Frank; Mrs. Margaret McClure; Ella, Amanda and Emma.

Boston.—Roger Babson, the noted Wellesley statistician, has figured out the chance each man has of being killed in the present war. His data shows that 14 out of every 15 so far have been safe. Under present conditions, where man power is being conserved, no more than one in 30 is killed. Only 1 in 500 loses a limb, a chance no greater than the hazardous conditions at home. Babson's conclusions are based on the French army figures for the full three years of war. Attention is called to the fact that the present thing is not claiming any where near the number of dead recorded for the first two years. He says: "Most of the wounds sustained in the trenches are clean cut and of a nature that a few weeks in the hospital makes the subject as fit as ever. But 300,000 trench soldiers have been discharged on account of wounds received the three years of the war. Most of the wounds received in the trenches are on top of the head, scalp wounds generally speaking, a wound is either fatal or slight, but few in between these extremes."

Poisoned soap is the latest weapon used by German propagandists in this country, it was stated at Department of Justice last today. Department agents are to have a number of persons under surveillance, among them a well-known chemist of German birth, and it is expected that arrests in the conspiracy will be made in a few days. Six arrests were made in a small town in Illinois Tuesday in connection with the sale of court plasters. In pursu of the investigation the department discovered that poisoned soap had been sold by the men. Those under arrest are Germans.

NO CIRCUIT COURT

For a good many reasons, on Monday it was decided to have as little court as possible. Most of the jurors and witnesses were notified and the law work went over to the December term. Judge Sharp, however, is hearing chancery cases.

We are right in hay harvest, oats ready to cut and the threshing machines and going the rounds. The weather is ideal and the crops are ideal. The selective draft is on, and attorneys, jurors and witnesses and people generally are interested or busy with it.

SAVED THE CHILDREN

As Amel Griffin was making his way to Thorswood from his home on Burner Mountain last Friday evening, he heard the terrified shrieks of children on the river bank a hundred yards or more down the mountain from him. Looking he saw the head and arms of a child going down into the water for the last time. The way to the river from him was very steep and he had to go through briars and over tree tops and logs, but down he went and into the water up to his neck and he pulled out two eight year old boys who were to all appearances drowned. Taking one boy over his knee he worked to resuscitate him and compelled a small girl to pump the feet of the other little boy. After some minutes the life came back into the little bodies. One of the boys was the son of Mrs. Morehead, a widow, and the other the son of David Whitmire.

So steep was the way that Mr. Griffin had to come from the road to the river that it is a wonder now how he could have gotten down so quickly without breaking his neck or limb. A few minutes delay, however, would have meant the end of two fine little boys. The children also owe their lives to Mr. Griffin's presence of mind and knowledge of first aid work.

Dr. Norman R. Price has been in Springfield and Chicago, Illinois, the past two weeks, examining the National Guardsmen who were recently transferred into the Federal Army. Dr. Price was detailed as senior officer in charge of doctors sent out from Ft. Benjamin Harrison for this duty. A part of his work in Chicago was the examination of the 8th Illinois Regiment, which consists of 2500 negroes. Every soldier, from colonel down, is colored—chaplains, doctors and all. These were examined and given typhoid prophylactic at the rate of 250 to 500 a day. Dr. Price expects to be at home for the levy term of court, on August 14. If not then, he will be here by the term of the 27th inst.

Our friend Luther D. Sharp, of Slaty Fork of Elk, has been appointed a State Bee Inspector, and will work the Sixth Congressional District. This is a fine selection for the place. Mr. Sharp is one of our most prominent men, an enthusiastic farmer and bee man, and thoroughly competent for the position. He has not only had much experience in keeping and handling bees, but he has made a study of them and is familiar with the writings of the best authorities on the subject. Whatever work Mr. Sharp undertakes will be pushed with energy.

Veteran John Jackson is up from Ronceverte to spend a few weeks with friends and relatives. He reports a fine time at Wastingon at the reunion of the Blue and the Grey this spring. This was his first trip back since he rode within three miles of the capital with General Early in 1864. He went back to the place where he had camped at the home of Postmaster General Blair. He knew the mansion house and was told that a grandson of the old postmaster lived there. He made a call but found that Mr. Blair was in Washington. That was the case when Mr. Jackson called there fifty years before.

At the meeting of the town council on Monday night Mayor Spang and Attorney A. P. Eders were appointed a committee to examine the water and sewerage system of the town, as authorized in the recent municipal act.

MARLINTON PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH
Rev. M. Walker, Pastor.
Sunday August 13th.
Preaching morning and night by the pastor—Sunday School at 9-4:30 a. m. Christian Endeavor at 7-8:30 p. m. Public cordially invited to all services. Preaching at Hamlin Chapel at 3:30 p. m.

Married, August 4, 1917, by Rev. W. D. Keene, French H. Kirkpatrick and Miss Betha Mae Pruitt.

THE LIBERTY LOAN CYCLE

Through the sale of Liberty Loan Bonds the United States is borrowing large sums of money from its citizens, its business men, farmers, bankers, wage earners, merchants, manufacturers. The government collects this money and disburses it in two ways. Part it expends itself and part it loans our allies. The United States and these other governments spend it for American products and American labor and it goes back directly into the hands of the people, the American business man, farmer, banker, wage earner, merchant and manufacturer. This is the cycle. John Smith the farmer and Thomas Brown the wage earner each has purchased a Liberty Loan Bond paying down the initial payment of 2 per cent. On June 28th they made the 18 per cent. payment, depositing the amount in their banks and sending checks to the Federal Reserve Bank of their district. The Federal Reserve Bank collects the check and redeposits the money with the local banks. Later the Treasury Department draws against it and the money is again lodged with the Federal Reserve Bank. It is almost immediately withdrawn from the Federal Reserve Bank either by the United States or by some foreign government engaged in war with Germany to which the United States has advanced money and is paid out for American products or labor. Some of it is spent for farm products and raw material, and some of it for manufactured products, thus going back into the hands of American citizens.

Therefore the money paid in by the above mentioned John Smith and Thomas Brown on June 28th in part payment of their Liberty Loan Bonds may have gotten back into their hands in time to make up part of their payments made July 30th.

YEA THO' I WALK—23 PSALM

BY ANNA L. PRICE.

Blessed Savior, gently lead me
Down the sloping vale of time,
And uphold my falling feet—
As the farther hill I climb,
Past the valley, past the hill-top,
Where a dark some river by,
And the pilgrims to my City,
Find the Savior walking by.
Once he trod the lonely valley,
Think of sad Getisemane;
Tears of blood and cry of anguish,
Crucified on Calvary.
Loved and lovely, saintly woman,
Going home to meet her God;
Softly whispered, "There's no river,"
And she passed death's wave dryshod.
Unto some a quick translation,
Here one moment, next with God;
Unto many, vale and river,
Ere they reach the blest abode.

Jesus, sinners need Thee always,
Precious to have such a friend,
Who will gently lead us, feed us,
Clear thro' to the journey's end.

It is unlawful to operate an automobile with one tag. A tag must be placed so it can be read on each end of the vehicle. Every day or every trip without license tags attached constitutes a separate offense and lays the operator and owner subject to arrest and fine of not less than \$5.00 nor more than \$100 and he may be imprisoned not more than sixty days. Last Monday seventeen persons were taken before a justice in Beckley and fined \$10 and costs each, for failure to tag cars, aggregating the neat sum of \$216.75. A Greenbrier man was among the number.—W. V. News.

The per diem of the C. & O. section men has been increased from \$2.00 to \$2.40 per day, according to an announcement just made from the Richmond office. This increase applies throughout West Virginia. The increase was made necessary on account of the high wages paid laborers in other fields of industry. It is said that the company found it impossible to keep section men through the coal fields owing to the great demand for labor around the mines and high wages paid.

Court will be session next Monday to prepare estimates for the levy.

WOODROW

James N. White of Bridgewater, Va., is visiting friends here.

Some Pennsylvania stock buyers are here buying stock to ship to the Philadelphia market.

Misses Iele McClure and Mary Hambrick were visiting at Cass recently.

W. H. Shearer of Edray, was here a few days ago buying calves.

Miss Dora Sharp was thrown from a horse a few days ago and badly hurt. Mrs. Wesley Barlow's broken arm is doing very nicely.

J. L. McNeill of West Marlinton, is here harvesting.

Joe Buzzard of Huntersville, was here on business recently.

Edgar Smith and son of Seebert were business visitors here recently.

Born to Emmett Galford and wife, recently, twin boys. The mother and one son are getting along nicely while the other son is not doing so well.

Stock is looking very well so far. Some that was ready for market has already been sold. Calves are selling at a good price.

Meadows are about two-thirds of a crop; pastures are very good; oats are very good; corn short but doing fine; buckwheat and potatoes are looking fine.

H. L. White and son Arnott of Minnehaha, were here recently looking after their cattle.

Rev. W. A. Grogg was calling on friends here a few days ago.

F. M. White of Onoto spent Sunday with friends in this part.

The fruit crop is a failure in the part and the berry crop is very light. Gardens and vegetables of all kinds are doing well.

Our Sunday school is progressing nicely with A. S. Galford as superintendent. Our prayer meetings on Tuesday nights are well attended. Lloyd VanReenan as our leader.

FARMERS' INSTITUTES

To the Farmers of Pocahontas Co.

Ladies and Gentlemen:—It affords us pleasure to address you as farmers. Of all professions in material things, you stand at the head of the list today. The nations of the world are calling upon you at this time to feed them. The President of these United States, and the Governor of the State of West Virginia are appealing to you for aid—to do your best, and do it now. Large sums of money are being expended by the National Government, and by the government of our own State, giving you the latest and best methods of scientific and intensive farming—how to make your farms yield large returns, and pay you a dividend on your investments. The schedule of Farmers' Institutes has been arranged for this county as follows:

Greenbank, Monday, Aug. 13
Edray, Tuesday, Aug. 14
Minnehaha Springs, Wed. Aug. 15
Hillsboro, Thursday, Aug. 16

Beginning at 9:30 o'clock a. m. sharp. There will be three sessions at each place—forenoon, afternoon and night. The State furnishes the instructors, and it is up to you, farmers, to make up the audiences and to fill the houses. Will you do it? We believe you will. We are led to believe that you are so intensely interested in farm operations that you will plan your work to take the day off in the different districts, your own home district, and attend these meetings—make them the best ever held in the county. Which of the districts of the county will be the banner district in attendance?

It has been suggested in the Hillsboro district that the ladies hold separate sessions both morning and afternoon. Very good, but why not in every district of the county? Let the ladies speak out.

Hoping that Pocahontas county will lead all other counties of the state in attendance upon the institutes this year,
Sincerely yours,
E. H. MOORE,
President Pocahontas Co. Farmers' Institute.

MARLINTON METHODIST CHURCH
Rev. W. D. Keene, Pastor.

Sunday school at 9:45. Let all come prepared for the monthly missionary offering. Preaching at 11 o'clock by the pastor on "The Name Christian." Preaching at 8 o'clock by Rev. B. L. Fultz, D. D. of Lewisburg, presiding elder of Lewisburg District. At the close of the evening service the second quarterly conference will be held. Epworth League will be held. Men and women are always welcome.

The date of the County Sunday School Convention has been changed to September 13 and 14. The place is the Methodist Church at Hillsboro.

The Federal Reserve System Helps You

It was created primarily—

To help the business men and farmers;
To provide plenty of currency at all times;
To effect a steadier supply of credit.

The system merits the support of all good citizens; it must have yours in order to reach its full development.

You can secure the benefits of this great system and at the same time assist directly in developing it by depositing your money with us.



First National Bank
Marlinton, W. Va.



Put your faith in good insurance

and then if you're unlucky have a fire you'll have some to fall back on. The companies represent are sound ones, and one has ever regretted insuring them. Many do regret when late that they didn't take out large policies.

HUNTER & ECHOLS INSURANCE AGENCY, INC.
F. M. SYDNOR, MANAGER
Marlinton, West Virginia.

FINGER SIEGEL CO.
Best location on Greenbrier River for a man who wants to run a first class barber shop, restaurant and pool room. Apply to
CASS, WEST VA.